# THE SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c. IN THE MASQUE OF ALFRED,

AS IT IS NOW REVIVED

At the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

The MUSIC

By Dr. ARNE, and other Maſters.

*Dreſſed in the Habits of the Times, with New Scenes, Machines, and other Decorations.*

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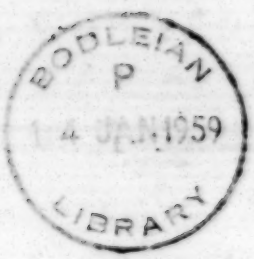
*LONDON:*
Printed for T. BECKET, near Surry-Street, in the Strand. 1773.

Vet A5 e. 2918

Bt from Rothwell



ALFRED, a Maſque, was written by Mr. *Thompſon*, in conjunction with Mr. *Mallet*, at the requeſt of his Royal Highneſs *Frederick* Prince of Wales, and was performed at Cliff-den-Houſe, before their Royal Highneſſes, on the firſt of Auguſt, 1740. Ten years after it was adapted for the ſtage by Mr. *Mallet*, and was received with great applauſe. Mr. *Mallet*, in his advertiſement (after giving an account of his joining with Mr. *Thompſon* in the performance) goes on—"But to fit it "for the ſtage, I found it would be ne-"ceſſary to new plan the whole, as well as "write the particular ſcenes over again; to "enlarge the deſign, and make *Alfred* what "he ſhould have been at firſt, the principal "figure in his own *Maſque*. This I have "done; but, according to the preſent ar-"rangement of the fable, I was obliged to "reject a great deal of what I had written

"in

" in the other, neither could I retain of my
" friend's part, more than three or four
" ſingle ſpeeches, and a part of one ſong;
" I mention this expreſly, that whatever
" faults are found in the preſent perfor-
" mance, they may be charged, as they
" ought to be, entirely to my account.

" D. MALLET."

It is now revived with ſome few alterations, and with ſome New Muſic; the favourite airs of Dr. *Arne*, as they ſtood in the Maſque altered by *Mallet*, are reſerved; there are ſome few alterations and additions which were too inſignificant to publiſh.

AR-

# ARGUMENT.

*After the* Danes *had made themſelves maſters of* Chippenham, *the ſtrongeſt city in the kingdom of* Weſſex, Alfred *was at once abandoned by all his ſubjects; in this univerſal defection, that monarch found himſelf obliged to retire into the little iſle of* Athelney *in* Somerſetſhire—*there, in the habit of a peaſant, he liv'd unknown in a ſhepherd's cottage—he is ſuppoſed to be found in this retreat by the Earl of* Devon, *whoſe caſtle upon the river* Tau *was then beſieged by the* Danes.

# PERSONS.

## ENGLISH.

| | |
|---|---|
| ALFRED, | Mr. REDDISH, |
| EARL of DEVON, | Mr. JEFFERSON, |
| EDWIN, | Mr. WRIGHT, |
| HERMIT, | Mr. J. AICKIN, |
| CORIN, | Mr. BANNISTER, |

*English Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

## DANES.

| | |
|---|---|
| DANISH KING, | Mr. PALMER, |
| FIRST DANE, | Mr. BRERETON, |
| SECOND DANE, | Mr. J. BANNISTER. |

*Danish Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

| | |
|---|---|
| ELFRIEDA, | Miss YOUNGE, |
| EMMA, | Mrs. SMITH, |
| EDITH, | Mrs. WRIGHTEN. |

The Vocal Parts by
Mr. VERNON, Mr. CHAMPNES, Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. WRIGHTEN, Mrs. SCOTT, Mrs. HUNT, &c.

*Shepherds, Soldiers, Attendant Spirits, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

P R I S O N S.

# Songs, &c. in Alfred.

## A NEW OVERTURE.

## ACT I.

SCENE *a rural Proſpect, with the Cottage of* CORIN *and* EMMA.

### SONG,

By Mrs. SMITH.

I.

IF thoſe who live in ſhepherd's bower,
Preſs not the rich and ſtately bed:
The new-mown hay and breathing flower,
A ſofter couch beneath them ſpread.

II.

If thoſe who ſit at ſhepherd's board,
Sooth not their taſte by wanton art;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful heart.

## SONG,

By Mr. BANNISTER.

I.

Though to a deſart iſle confin'd,
In humble poverty we live,
The honeſt heart, the virtuous mind,
Are riches, ſplendor cannot give.

II.

Theſe hands inur'd to daily toil,
Can ſow the ground, can plough and reap,
And ſhall improve the gen'rous ſoil,
Thee and thy lovely babes to keep.

## SONG,

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

I.

A youth adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſt;
The morning bud that faireſt blows,
The vernal oak that ſtraiteſt grows,
His face and ſhape expreſt.

II.

In moving ſounds he told his tale;
Soft, as the ſighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year:
What wonder he cou'd charm with eaſe!
Whom happy nature form'd to pleaſe,
Whom love had made ſincere.

III.

At morn he left me;—fought, and fell;
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed;
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall;
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recall,
No cries awake the dead!

## SONG,

By Mrs. SMITH.

O peace! the faireſt child of heaven,
To whom the ſylvan reign was given;
The vale, the fountain and the grove,
With every ſofter ſcene of love:

Return, ſweet peace! to chear the weeping ſwain,
Return, with eaſe and pleaſure in thy train.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*An extenſive View of Rocks, &c. with a Hermit's Cell.*

*An Aerial Spirit deſcends.*

### SONG,

By Mr. VERNON.

Hear, Alfred, father of the ſtate,
Thy genius, heaven's high will declare;
What proves the hero truly great,
Is never, never to deſpair.

CHORUS, *by Spirits.*

*Is never, never to deſpair.*

Thy hope awake, thy heart expand
With all its vigour, all its fires;
Ariſe, and ſave a ſinking land;
Thy country calls, and heaven inſpires!

CHORUS, *by Spirits.*

*Earth calls, and heaven inſpires!*

SONG.

## SONG,

By Mrs. WRIGHTEN, Mrs. SCOTT, & Mrs. HUNT.

O joy of joys, to lighten woe!
Beſt pleaſure, pleaſure to beſtow;
What raptures then his heart expand,
Who lives to bleſs a grateful land.

For him, ten thouſand boſoms beat;
His name, conſenting crowds repeat;
From ſoul to ſoul the paſſion runs,
And ſubjects kindle into ſons.

ACT

# ACT II.

## *Another rural* SCENE.

### DIALOGUE SONG,

By Mrs. WRIGHTEN, Mrs. SCOTT, and Mrs. HUNT.

Mrs. SCOTT.

The Shepherd's plain life,
Without gilt, without ſtrife,
Can only true bleſſings impart;
As nature directs,
That bliſs he expects,
From health and from quiet of heart;

Mrs. HUNT.

Vain grandeur and power,
Thoſe toys of an hour,
Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
Can titles or ſhow,
Contentment beſtow?
All happineſs dwells in the mind.

Mrs.

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Behold the gay roſe,
How lovely it grows;
Secure in the depth of the vale;
Yon oak, that on high,
Aſpires to the ſky,
Both lightning and tempeſt aſſail.

CHORUS.

Then let us the ſnare,
Of ambition beware,
That ſource of vexation and ſmart;
And ſport on the glade,
Or repoſe in the ſhade,
With health and with quiet of heart!

## *A Paſtoral Dance.*

SONG. *Behind the Scenes.*

By Mrs. SMITH.

Sweet valley! ſay, where penſive lying,
For me, our children, England, ſighing,
The beſt of mortals leans his head:
Ye fountains! dimpled by my ſorrow;
Ye brooks! that my complaining borrow,
O lead me to his lonely bed!
Or if my lover,
Deep woods ye cover,
Ah! whiſper where your ſhadows o'er him ſpread.

'Tis

II.

* Tis not the loſs of pomp and pleaſure,
Of empire, or of tinſel treaſure,
That drops the tear, that ſwells the groan;
No, from a nobler cauſe proceeding,
A heart with love, and fondneſs bleeding,
I breathe my ſadly pleaſing moan:
With other anguiſh,
I ſcorn to languiſh,
For love will feel no ſorrow but his own.

* *This laſt Stanza is omitted in the repreſentation.*

ACT

# ACT III.

SCENE, CORIN *and* EMMA's *Cottage, as before.*

## DUET,

By Mrs. SMITH, and Mrs. SCOTT.

I.

In cooling ſtream, O ſweet repoſe!
Thoſe balmy dews diſtill,
That ſteal the mourner from his woes,
And bid deſpair be ſtill.

II.

Prolong the ſmiling infant's reſt,
Who yet no ſorrow knows;
But O the mother's bleeding breaſt,
To ſofteſt peace compoſe!

III.

Let all, that ſoothes the ſoul or charms,
Her midnight hour employ;
'Till bleſt again in Alfred's arms,
She wakes to real joy.

## SONG,

By Mrs. SMITH.

Reſtore, good heav'n, our virtuous king!
To chaſe this gloom that round us low'rs,
As winter flies before the ſpring,
Who ſpreads the ſmiling earth with flow'rs.

He comes! before his riſing ray,
Deſpair and darkneſs fly away.

## ODE,

By Mr. VERNON, *in the character of a Spirit.*

From thoſe eternal regions bright,
Where ſuns that never ſet in height,
Diffuſe the golden day;
Where ſpring, unfading, pours around,
O'er all the dew-impearled ground,
Her thouſand colours gay.

The meſſenger of heaven's high king
I come, and happy tidings bring,
To chear this drooping iſle;
Behold her cruel foes are fled!
Behold fair freedom lifts the head!
And all his children ſmile!

The dawn, that now unveils her ſkies,
See England's future glory riſe;
A better age is born!
Then, let each voice of ſprightly ſtrain,
Around from warbling hill and plain,
Hail this triumphant morn!

GRAND CHORUS.

*Then let each voice of ſprightly ſtrain,*
*Around from warbling hill and plain,*
*Hail this triumphant morn!*

*The* SCENE *draws and diſcovers Trees form'd into Arches adorn'd with Garlands of Flowers.*

# A MARCH.

TRI-

# TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

OF

# ALFRED;

*Preceded by Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and attended by Officers, Soldiers, and Daniſh Priſoners, &c.*

## SCENE, *a thick Wood,*

*Which breaks away and diſcovers*

## A Grand Occaſional Scene,

*In which is introduced,*

A Full DANCE of SAILORS.

*After that, the following* SONG *is sung by* Mr. VERNON, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. KEAR, *and others.*

Mr. VERNON.

I.

When Britain firſt, at heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain.

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be ſlaves!

Mr. KEAR.

II.

The nations, (not ſo bleſt as thee,)
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

III.

III.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Mr. VERNON.

IV.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouze thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Mr. FAWCETT.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles thine.

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

* *This verſe is omitted in the repreſentation.*

Mr. VERNON.

VI.

The Muſes ſtill, with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair;
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be ſlaves!

FINIS.

BIBLIOTECA DOMINICANA